

into the town of Tescuco, which is distant from Mexico, south-west, eight leagues*. In which town, there are certain Houses of Correction and Punishment, for ill people called *Qbraches*; like to Bridewell here in London. Into which place, divers Indians were sold for slaves ; some for ten years and some for twelve.

, It was no small grief unto us, when we understood that we should be carried thither ; and to be used as slaves. We had rather be put to death.

Howbeit, there was no remedy ; but we were carried to the Prison of Tescuco : where we were not put to any labour ; but were very straitly kept, and almost famished. Yet, by the good providence of our merciful GOD, we happened to meet there, with one ROBERT SWEETING,, who was the son of an English man born of a Spanish woman [*p.* 287; and *Vol.* IV./M4]. This man could speak very good English; and by his means we were helped very much with victuals from the Indians, as muttens [*sheep*], hens, and bread. And if we had not been so relieved, we had surely perished. And yet all the provision that we had got that way was but slender. And continuing thus straitly kept in prison there, for the space of two months; at the length, we agreed amongst ourselves to break forth of prison, come of it what would. For we were minded rather to suffer death, than to live longer in that miserable state.

And so having escaped out of prison, we knew not what way to fly for the safety of ourselves. The night was dark, and it rained terribly: and not having any guide, we went we knew not whither.

In the morning, at the appearing of the day, we perceived ourselves to be come hard to the city of Mexico; which is 24 English miles from Tescuco.

The day being come, we were espied by the Spaniards, and pursued, and taken: and brought before the Viceroy and the Head Justices, who threatened to hang us, 'for breaking the King's prison.

Yet, in the end, they sent us into a garden belonging ^ to the Viceroy; and coming thither, we found there our English gentlemen, which were delivered as hostages when our